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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

CALLAN

"YOU'RE UNDER STARTERS ORDERS"

by

ROBERT BANKS STEWART

Series devised by
JAMES MITCHELL

Designed by
TERRY GOUGH

Associate Producer
JOHN KERSHAW

Producer
REGINALD COLLIN

Directed by
MIKE VARDY

TEDDINGTON STUDIO TWO

CAMERA REHEARSAL:	10.30. Tuesday, 13 February 1968 10.00. Wednesday, 14 February 1968
VTR INSERTS:	19.00. Tuesday, 13 February 1968
DRESS REHEARSAL:	15.00 - 16.30. Wednesday, 14 February 1968
VTR:	17.30 - 19.00. Wednesday, 14 February 1968

PROD. NO: 1910 VTR/ABC/7419

R/T: 46'25"

CAST

CALLAN

HUNTER

MERES

LONELY

MANNIX

HANNAH

NIXON

WATT

FILE CLERK

MILLETT

SECRETARY

EXTRAS IN HOTEL

SPECIAL BRANCH MEN

SETS

LONELY'S FLAT

FILE REGISTRY

CALLAN'S FLAT

BOOKSHOP AND BACKSHOP

HUNTER'S OFFICE

HOTEL FOYER

HOTEL ROOM

BETTING SHOP

HALLWAY OF HANNAH STRICKLAND'S HOUSE

AJAX TRAVEL SERVICE OFFICE

PHONE BOOTH IN HOTEL FOYER

FILM

EXT. HAMPTON COURT AND MAZE

EXT. CHILDREN'S ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND.

EXT. MRS. STRICKLAND'S HOUSE

EXT. HOTEL FIRE-ESCAPE

EXT. HOTEL ROOF

EXT. HOTEL ROAD OUTSIDE HOTEL.

FADE IN

1. EXT. DOOR OF FILE REGISTRY. DAY.

CAMERA OPENS FULL ON A BIG METAL DOOR MORE IN KEEPING WITH A STRONGROOM. A SMALL GRILLE IS INSET, AND THERE IS A NOTICE: "CENTRAL FILE REGISTRY - NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT AUTHORISATION" TO ONE SIDE IS A BELL WITH "RING AND WAIT" PAINTED ABOVE IT.

2. INT. FILE REGISTRY. DAY.

A ROOM WITHA MUTED, LIBRARY FEEL ABOUT IT. THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH SECRET BOX FILES, CEILING HIGH, AND TIERE ARE NO WINDOWS, JUST A BRIGHT HONEYCOMBED LIGHT FROM ABOVE. THERE IS A COUNTER AND SEVERAL DESKS AT WHICH DOCUMENTS CAN BE STUDIED ON THE SPOT. TWO MEN ARE SEATED AT DESKS. READING. THE ELDERLY CLERK WHO RUNS THE REGISTRY IS UP ON A "RAILWAY" LADDER, SORTING OUT FILES. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON HIS HAND AS HE REPLACES A FILE MARKED "LIAISON- U.S. (CIA) REGION EAST BERLIN.

AS THE CLERK CLIMBS DOWN AND GOES BACK TO HIS COUNTER, THE OTHER READER NOT CALLAN FOLDS HIS FILE AND TAKESIT OVER. HE SCRIBBLES HIS SIGNATURE ON A FORM.

CLERK: Thank you, sir.

THE CLERK GOES TO THE DOOR, PRESSES A BUTTON RELEASING THE DOOR WITH A BUZZING SOUND. THE OTHER READER STEPS OUT AND THE DOOR IS CLOSED BEHIND HIM. TURNING, THE CLERK LOOKS OVER AT HIS REMAINING CUSTOMER, THEN GLANCES A BIT IMPATIENTLY AT THE CLOCK.

THE PHONE ON THE COUNTER RINGS AND HE ANSWERS, TALKS TO SOMEONE IN A LOW TONE.

CLERK: Shouldn't be long now, Tom. One more to go. (LOOKS AT FORM) Callan... Hunter's Section (BEAT) Yes, that lot.

HE RINGS OFF, LIFTS THE NEWLY RETURNED FILE AND CROSSES THE ROOM. HE PAUSES AS HE GOES PAST THE DESK.

CLERK: Speed it up, Mr. Callan, I know you blokes work all hours. But we're just ordinary clerks with homes to go to.

THE CLERK MOVES THE LADDER ALONG TO THE CORRECT SECTION. CUT TO THE FIGURE AT THE DESK.

CLOSE SHOT AS A GUN IS WITHDRAWN FROM THE OVERCOAT POCKET. STEALTHILY, CALLAN STARTS TO GET TO HIS FEET.

THE CLERK IS ABOUT TO MOUNT THE LADDER WHEN THE GUN STRIKES HIM FROM BEHIND. KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS, STILL CLINGING TO THE LADDER.

ANOTHER ANGLE AS THE CLERK IS PUSHED OFF THE LADDER, WHICH IS THEN SWIFTLY ROLLED ALONG TO THE POSITION WHERE WE FIRST SAW IT.

CLOSE ON FEET ASCENDING THE LADDER, THEN A HAND SNATCHING OUT THE CIA FILE, AND ANOTHER FILE BESIDE IT.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE FIGURE TO THE DOOR.

THE RELEASE BUTTON IS PRESSED.

3. EXT. DOOR OF FILE REGISTRY, DAY.

A BUZZ AS THE DOOR OPENS, CALLAN STEPS OUT.

4. EXT. STREET.

NEWSPAPER STAND. BILL READS "SECURITY PROBE. SECRET DOCUMENTS STOLEN"

5. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE.

HUNTER THROWS NEWSPAPER ON DESK. HEADLINES "SECRET AGENT STEALS IMPORTANT FILES" THERE IS A TENSE ATMOSPHERE IN THE OFFICE AS IF EVERYONE IS ON THE CARPET. MERES, ANOTHER AGENT, AND HUNTER'S SECRETARY STAND IN FRONT OF THE DESK.

HUNTER: I don't care how it got out, Meres. It got out. Now there's Hell to pay.

MERES: I still can't believe Callan would have...

HUNTER: You should know by now, not to trust anyone.

MERES: Yes sir. But...!

HUNTER: There isn't time to argue, Meres. Callan's gone.

MERES: Do you mean he's left the country, Sir?

HUNTER: I doubt it. Not yet. If he has then we have lost him but I would imagine he's lying low somewhere - till the pressure's off.

MERES: What about Lonely, Sir? Have you tried him?

HUNTER: He won't be in this, Meres. This is far too big. Even Callan would have the sense not to involve small time crooks this time. In any case, they would hardly allow that.

MERES: They Sir?

HUNTER: A pipeline exists to get defectors and agents out of the country. Callan was assigned to breaking it. It could be that he's joined it instead.

MERES: But why, sir?

HUNTER: Money. What else? He's not a political animal.

THE PHONE RINGS. THE SECRETARY PICKS IT UP.

SECRETARY: Yes?

PAUSE.

SHE LOOKS AT HUNTER.

Just one moment, please. (SHE PUTS HAND OVER RECEIVER) The Foreign Secretary, sir.

HUNTER TAKES PHONE.

HUNTER: Hunter.

LONG, LONG PAUSE.

HUNTER: (CONTD) Yes. Of course, sir.

PAUSE.

HUNTER: I could hardly have anticipated...

PAUSE

HUNTER:(CONTD) No, sir.

PAUSE.

Yes, sir.

PAUSE

OF course, sir.

PAUSE

I will, sir. Yes.

HE HANDS PHONE TO SECRETARY WHO PUTS IT BACK IN CRADLE.

Callan must be found.

MERES: (LOOKING A LITTLE PERPLEXED) Yes, sir.

HUNTER: Now.

MERES: Yes, sir.

HE DOES NOT MOVE.

HUNTER: Now, Meres.

MERES AND THE OTHER AGENT TURN TO GO.

HUNTER:And where are you going?

THE OTHER AGENT STOPS AND TURNS. MERES STOPS UNCERTAINLY.

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AGENT: Sir?

HUNTER: Look. What's wrong with you people? We've a major problem on our hands. Show some initiative, I want action.

MERES: Sir.

HUNTER LOOKS AT HIM.

Any clues, sir? Anything on this pipeline?

HUNTER:(TO SECRETARY) Sit down, will you, Then Minister's gov to make a statement. Quite what we tell him, I don't know. (TO MERES) Clues, Meres? We're not running a detective agency. (DISMISSIVELY) Callan was looking for a man called Theseus.

MERES: Theseus, sir? Not Strickland?

THE SECRETARY SITS AND OPENS PAD ON HER KNEE.

HUNTER: Yes, Meres. Just to add to our troubles. Our Strickland. Our own good solid trustworthy retired agent, Theseus.

MERES: Well, that's a start sir, isn't it?

HUNTER LOOKS AT HIM ALMOST IN DISGUST.

6. INT. STAIRS. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MERES AND MANNIX. MANNIX IS A QUIETLY DRESSED, YALE-TYPE AMERICAN IN HIS THIRTIES FROM CIA.

THEY ARE BOTH PROWLING ABOUT. ALTHOUGH MANNIX HAS THE SAME SORT OF STATUS AS MERES, THE PRESENT SITUATION GIVES HIM A CHANCE TO ASSUME ACID SUPERIORITY.

MANNIX:A man who lives like this, in a slummy flat? A guy who plays with toy soldiers.

MERES: Our section works differently from yours, Mannix. That's all.

MANNIX: I guess so. We don't have traitors in the CIA.

MERES: How were we to know? It's easy enough to say, after the event.

MANNIX: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) We're wasting our time, here, that's for sure. This Hunter guy must be stupid, giving Callan the very chance he was waiting for.

MERES: Alright, he made a mistake.

MANNIX: That's putting it mildly!

MERES IS BEGINNING TO BEHAVE LIKE A MAN WHO CAN'T BEAR MORE CRITICISM. HE MOVES OVER TO BROOD OVER CALLAN'S BOARD OF SOLDIERS.

MANNIX: This is what comes of exempting your crowd from our screening.

MERES: We've fought that battle before. The day we rely on your screening, we'll end up with a team of bungling amateurs.

MANNIX(COLDLY) Just the sort of words I'd use to describe this situation.

MERES: Callan's highly prefessional.

MANNIX: At stabbing you in the back?

MERES: If he has!

CLOSE ON HIM AS MERES ANGRILY TOPPLES THE BOARD, UPSETTING THE SOLDIERS.

CUT TO:

7. INT. BOOKSHOP. DAY.

A PRAED STREET TYPE BOOKSHOP, WHICH SELLS ONLY GAULY PAPERBACKS AND PIN-UP MAGAZINES, MALE AND FEMALE. INSTEAD OF BOOKSHELVES THE SHOP HAS BACKS ALL ROUND IT TO DISPLAY ITS WARES. CAMERA PANS FROM A RACK OF THRILLERS TO SHOW CALLAN ENTERING THE SHOP WITH LONELY.

LONELY: You'll be safe here, Mr. Callan. The bloke who owns the shop has an arrangement.

CALLAN: Arrangement?

LONELY: Like : paying his rates. The coppers raid him every six months. He pays his fine, and goes on with business.

CALLAN LOOKS AROUND THE SHOP.

CALLAN: Rare volumes?

LONELY: Oh, very rare, Mr. Callan. Illustrated art work, too, at fancy prices.

CALLAN GRIMACES TO SHOW HIS DISTASTE.

CALLAN: Couldn't you have thought of somewhere else, Lonely?

LONELY: I told you, it's the best place. What have you done, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: Just book me in at reception will you?

LONELY GOES TO A DOOR, A PANEL OF WHICH IS MADE OF PEG-BOARDING. HE KNOCKS.

LONELY: Like a confessional (A BEAT) It's me, Dennis.

SOUND OF BOLTS BEING WITHDRAWN. THE DOOR OPENS AND DENNIS MILLETT USHERS THEM BOTH INSIDE QUICKLY. HE IS A TUBBY LITTLE MAN WITH THIN STRANDS OF HAIR DRAWN ACROSS HIS SCALP.

8. INT. ANTE ROOM. DAY.

A TINY ANTE ROOM SEPARATING THE BOOKSHOP FROM A ROOM BEHIND. MILLETT CLOSES THE DOOR, BOLTS IT. HE PEERS THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE PEG-BOARD PANEL TO SEE THE SHOP IS CLEAR. THEN TURNS TO THEM.

MILLETT: Twenty-five quid, alright?

CALLAN OPENS HIS WALLET, GIVES HIM THE MONEY. LONELY LOOKS HOPEFULLY AT CALLAN.

CALLAN:(TO LONELY) Get it on commission.

CALLAN TURNS AND WALKS INTO THE BACKSHOP ROOM.

9. INT. ROOM. BACKSHOP. DAY.

CALLAN ENTERS A SCRUFFY, CELL-LIKE ROOM WITH BARS ON THE WINDOW. THERE IS A GREASY COUCH, A CARD TABLE WITH EMPTY BEER BOTTLES ON IT, AND THE PLACE IS LITTERED WITH PILES OF PAPERBACKS AND MAGAZINES. LONELY AND MILLETT FOLLOW HIM IN.

CALLAN: Charming taste.

MILLETT: You can lock this door. I'll give three knocks. If you hear footsteps in the hall, that'll just be me dealing with special customers.

CALLAN: Your book worms?

MILLETT GIVES HIM A LOOK AND GOES OUT. LONELY CLOSES THE DOOR, LOOKS AT CALLAN.

LONELY: You don't look to happy, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: There's an unpleasant smell, Lonely, and for once it isn't just caused by you.

10. INT. FILE REGISTRY. NIGHT.

WILLIAM MANNIX STANDS AT THE COUNTER. HE HOLDS A FORM IN HIS HANDS.

MANNIX: You know who these people are, don't you? Callan, his boss, Hunter? It's on this form so why can't you tell me?

CLERK: I'm sorry, sir.

MANNIX LAYS THE FORM ON THE COUNTER.

MANNIX: Look man, two liaisonfiles are missing? What's being done about it?

CLERK: I can't say, sir.

MANNIX: You don't say. You don't say anything. Would you call that liaison? The whole idea of some of our files being here, is so that we British and Americans can help each other. So I ask for help - and I do not receive it.

CLERK: I told you sir -

MANNIX PRODUCES A FORM OF HIS OWN.

MANNIX: This is an accredited pass. Right?

CLERK: Yes, sir.

MANNIX: You don't have to know anything about me. My habits...my job. Just that I have this pass, and I was able to walk in through that door there. Right again?

CLERK: Yes, sir.

MANNIX: Therefore, I have access to the shelves?

CLERK: That's true, sir. But - It's just that. I don't know you sir - Jeri Dehr usually sees Mr. Bergman.

MANNIX LEANS OVER THE COUNTER, A COMMANDING EDGE TO HIS VOICE NOW AS HE CUTS IN:

This time they've sent me.

MANNIX: Liaison shelf...CIA. Section East Berlin.

THE CLERK HESITATES, THEN GOES TOTHE LADDER, MOVES IT ALONG. HE IS ABOUT TO CLIMB UP WHEN MANNIX TAKES OVER.

MANNIX MOUNTS THE LADDER, PAUSES WHEN HE SEES THE TELL-TALE GAPS WHERE THE STOLEN FILES WERE. HIS FACE HARDENS, TURNS TO CLERK.

MANNIX: (AFTER A LONG BEAT) Howsmart is this son of a bitch, Callan?

MERES' VOICE: Very!

ANOTHER ANGLE, SHOWING MERES STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER. MANNIX TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK DOWN AT HIM.

MERES: (CONT.) We're sorry.

MANNIX: Sorry? With a leak this big in the brickwork?

MERES: Your side's had its breaches.

MANNIX CLIMBS DOWN THE LADDER.

MANNIX: You're going back a bit. I thought we'd tighten up all round, so we could trust each other?

MERES: We're doing everything we can to find him.

MANNIX: That will make two of us.

MERES: I think we know our way about a little better.

MANNIX: We know a thing or two ourselves, old chap.

HE GIVES THE LAST WORDS A SARDONIC, ENGLISH RING.

MERES: Security in this country's our business - clearly defined. Your very presence in the country isn't.

MANNIX: My friend, you seem to forget what Callan's carrying.

MERES AND YOU SEEM TO FORGET HE'S OUR MAN, AND WE'LL GET HIM MANNIX IF HE DOESN'T STAB YOU IN THE BACK FIRST

CUT TO:

11. EXT. THE HOUSE FRONT. FULHAM. DAY. FILM.

CALLAN APPROACHES FRONT DOOR. RINGS. WAITS. EVENTUALLY A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN OPENS DOOR. MRS. HANNAH STRICKLAND.

CALLAN: Mrs. Strickland?

HANNAH: Yes.

CALLAN: I wondered if I could have a word with your husband?

HANNAH: My husband?

CALLAN: We used to work together.

SHE LOOKS STEADILY AT CALLAN.

HANNAH: Well, I'm sorry Mr....

CALLAN DOES NOT HELP HER OUT.
he hasn't been here for some years. He left me, you know.

CALLAN: No, I didn't. I'm sorry.

SHE SMILES.

CALLAN: You can't help then. I mean, you don't know where I could find him?

PAUSE.

HANNAH: Come in a minute.

THEY GO IN.

12. INT. HALLWAY OF HOUSE, DAY.

CALLAN AND MRS. STRICKLAND STAND TOGETHER IN HALLWAY. SHE CLOSES FRONT DOOR. THE PLACE IS BARELY FURNISHED.

HANNAH: You worked together?

CALLAN: Yes.

HANNAH: How long ago?

CALLAN: Oh,a few years.

HE HESITATES.

HANNAH LOOKS AT HIM, CAREFULLY.

The thing is, Mrs. Strickland, I've just been- sacked. And er.....

HANNAH: My husband was!

CALLAN: Well, yes. You know. I just want someone to talk to. It's all a bit of a mess.

HANNAH: It always is.

CALLAN: I thought....I just wondered what he was doing these days. He might have had a job for me, or something. You know...old times' sake. (LAUGHS) Theseus, and all that.

PAUSE.

HANNAH: Theseus?

CALLAN: Oh! That was just a name we used to give him.

AGAIN SHE IS CAREFUL BEFORE SPEAKING.

HANNAH: I see! Theseus!

PAUSE.

HANNAH: You knew about his "accident", of course?

CALLAN: Yes. I heard.

HANNAH: You're not David Callan, are you?

CALLAN: That's right.

HANNAH: I thought so. Peter often talked about you. (PAUSE) I'm sorry I can't help.

CALLAN: Well, if you don't know where he is...

HANNAH: As I say, he left me, but, there's a Betting-Shop in Camden High Street. He used to go there a lot. Maybe if you asked for him, they could help.

CALLAN: Camden High Street. Oh good. Thanks a lot.

HE TURNS TO GO.

Thanks very much.

HANNAH: (OPENING DOOR FOR HIM) I can't promise anything. But try it.

CALLAN: Yes. I will. Thank you.

HE GOES.

13. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE DAY.

HUNTER, MERES AND AN ANGRY MANNIX.

MERES: He's a very smart agent, Mr. Mannix.

MANNIX: Smart! Is that the only word you guys know? You spend half your time telling me how smart Callan is. How smart you all are. Well, if you're so damned smart, Hunter, Why haven't you got Callan?

HUNTER: EVerything is being done, Mannix. We'll get him.

MANNIX: I'll believe that when I see it.

HUNTER: Mannix, I assure you, every department is on to this. Callan will be found.

MANNIX: And the files?

HUNTER: And the files.

MANNIX: Meantime I'd like you to know that I've despatched a report to Washington, mentioning you.

HUNTER: Good. I've lots of friends there. They 'll be glad to hear of me.

MANNIX: Not, I think, of your negligence.

HUNTER: I can't keep my agents tied to their beds, Mannix.

MANNIX: At least you should know which beds they're sleeping in.

HUNTER LOOKS, SMILINGLY, AT MERES,WHO APPEARS TO BE FAINTLY EMBARRASSED.

MANNIX: The sheer incompetence of this whole operation baffles me. Your number one agent quietly skips off with top secret information and you sit there smiling like some damned Cheshire cat. What the hell is there to grin about?

HUNTER: It's an old fashioned thing, Mannix, called the 'charm of the foreigner'.

MANNIX: Well, thank you, that's great. Great. Shall I tell you something? I've been here...how long?....forty-eight hours.... and the only person I've seen working on this case is Meres. And he thinks Callan's innocent anyway.

MERES: That's not fair, sir.

MANNIX: Fair! What the hell's 'fair' got to do with it?

MERES: I was just...well....shocked, sir. That's all. It seemed unlikely.

HUNTER: Mr. Mannix. Your anxiety is natural and understandable. I can only assure you, nevertheless, that everything that can be done is being done and that the responsibility is entirely mine. I am quite happy to have a CIA representative here but so long as the problem remains mine then the investigation will be carried out my way.

MANNIX: So shut up, Mannix.

HUNTER: That's your interpretation.

MANNIX: (GETTING UP) Okay, Hunter. Washington may feel differently.

HUNTER: Possibly.

MANNIX: Meanwhile, I shall go on searching out what I can - on my own. And maybe I'll get there first. I can't guarantee not to mark your smart Aleo, if I do.

HUNTER: I wish you luck.

HE MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MANNIX: I suppose you knew, by the way, that this 'trusted' number one of yours associates with small-time criminals?

HUNTER: You mean, Lonely?

MANNIX: I don't know the guy's name but he's pretty smudgy.

HUNTER: You've been doing you're homework.

MANNIX: I'm beginning to think there's no security risk in this goddam set-up at all. There's just no security.

HE GOES.

MERES: I think I'd better sort out Lonely, sir?

HUNTER NODS.

14. INT. BETTING SHOP. DAY.

A GRILLE AND COUNTER BACKED BY A BLACKBOARD GIVING THE DAY'S RUNNERS. A HEAVY SET MAN WITH GLASSES SITS BEHIND THE COUNTER AT THE BETS REGISTERING MACHINE. OVER ALL WE HEAR THE UNEMOTIONAL TANNOY COMMENTARY OF A RACE IN PROGRESS. CALLAN ENTERS. NERVOUSLY HE PRESENTS A BETTING SLIP BUT WITHOUT ANY MONEY. THE CLERK LOOKS AT HIM.

CU. SLIP WRITTEN ON IT 'THESEUS. ONE WAY'. THE CLERK READS THE MESSAGE. LOOKS AT CALLAN.

CLERK: Theseus, one way, sir?

CALLAN: That's right.

CLERK: Which race.

CALLAN: I'm not sure.

CLERK: Just a moment.

HE GOES INTO BACK ROOM. CALLAN LOOKS ROUND. THE MAN RETURNS.

CLERK: ~~Would you come this way, sir?~~ ~~The manager would like a word.~~

HE OPENS COUNTER FLAP. CALLAN WALKS THROUGH INTO BACK ROOM. WATT IS SITTING AT A SMALL TABLE. THE DAILY PAPERS SPREAD IN FRONT OF HIM AT RACING PAGES.

AN ELEKTRIC FIRE AT HIS FEET. HE IS HOLDING CALLAN'S SLIP OF PAPER. HE DOESN'T LOOK AT CALLAN FOR SOME TIME, ALTHOUGH HE SPEAKS.

Could I have a private word?

WATT: ~~Sit down Sir~~. (CALLAN SITS IN THE ONLY OTHER CHAIR) This horse. Theseus.

CALLAN: Yes?

THE MAN LOOKS AT HIM. SHAKES HIS HEAD. SMILES.

WATT: There's no horse of that name running today, sir.

CALLAN: Oh! That's funny.

WATT: I've checked all the races.

CALLAN: Well. I must be wrong then. I'm not a betting man, you see. Not usually. Only a friend of mine gave me this tip. She

CALLAN: (CONT.) seemed to think it was a cert. So I thought, you know, why not? Once in a while. Can't do any harm. Must have got the name wrong. Unless it's on the front page?

HE GETS UP. WATT TURNS TO THE FRONT PAGE "SECURITY LEAK" HEADLINE. THEN.....

WATT: A lady told you, you say?

CALLAN: (SMILES) Yes.

WATT: (SMILES BACK) Doesn't happen to live in Fulham, does she?

CALLAN: As a matter of fact, yes.

WATT: (SMILES AGAIN) I just wondered. Only we have got one customer, a lady. Always coming up with odd tips, she is. (LAUGHS) Strange where they get them from, these cranks.

HE GETS UP. BUT SCRIBBLES SOMETHING ON CALLAN'S NOTE. THEN HANDS IT TO HIM.

Well, I'm sorry I couldn't help, sir. But try again. Any time. I've put our other address down there, you may find it more convenient.

CALLAN READS. SMILES.

CALLAN: The Maze. Hampton Court. Thank you I'll....I'll try them.

WATT: (SMILES) I hope so.

CALLAN GOES

15. EXT. HOUSE. FULHAM. DAY. FILM

MERES APPROACHES HOUSE. LOOKS AT IT. GOES TO DOOR, RINGS. WAITS. RINGS AGAIN. THERE IS NO ONE IN. HE GOES.

16. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. DAY

LONELY ON TELEPHONE

LONELY: A van, Mr. Callan?...Why don't you ask Dennis, at the bookshop. He's got one....Hampton Court. What do you want to go there for?...Yes, Mr. Callan. I'll be here.

RINGS OFF

17. EXT. THE MAZE. HAMPTON COURT

CALLAN ARRIVES HAMPTON COURT, WALKS TO MAZE.

GOES IN. WALKS ROUND WITH HALF INTEREST. IT IS CLEAR HE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OR SOMEONE.

18. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. DAY

MERES AND MANNIX WITH LONELY

LONELY: I don't know where he is. Honest I don't.

MERES MAKES TO HIT HIM. MANNIX STEPS IN. TAKES MONEY OUT OF HIS WALLET.

MANNIX: All right now....er.....

MERES: Lonely.

MANNIX: Right, Lonely. Now how much?

LONELY LOOKS AT THE MONEY BUT SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MANNIX: This is the kind of stuff you understand, isn't it?

LONELY: No sir. Not me.

MANNIX: What shall we say, twenty?

LONELY SHAKES HIS HEAD

MERES: We'll get him, you know, Lonely. It'll be far better for you, afterwards, if you help.

LONELY: I don't know, honest.

MERES: You could go inside again.

LONELY: Not me. What 'ave I done? I haven't done nothin'.

MANNIX: Okay, Lonely. Twenty-five. Now come on. Where is he?

MERES: You must've seen him.

HE TWISTS LONELY'S CAP ROUND ON HIS HEAL, FRIGHTENING RATHER THAN HURTING HIM.

MERES: Haven't you? (MERES APPLIES PRESSURE TO LONELY'S NECK)

LONELY: Don't hurt me. Last I heard, he was going to Hampton Court.

-19.EXT. MAZE. HAMPTON COURT. DAY

CALLAN TURNS A CORNER AND SUDDENLY FACES NIXON.

CALLAN STARES AT HIM

NIXON SMILES, BRIEFLY.

NIXON: This may help you find your way out.

HE HANDS OVER THE CATALOGUE. SMILES. THEN GOES.

20. EXT. HAMPTON COURT. DAY. FILM

MERES AND MANNIX ARRIVE AT GATES IN CAR. THEY GET OUT. ANOTHER CAR WITH TWO MEN

ARRIVES. THE MEN JOIN MANNIX. THERE IS SOME CONVERSATION. ALL BUT MANNIX THEN GO OFF TO COVER OTHER EXITS.

21. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. DAY

LONELY ON PHONE

LONELY: Well tell him to ring me, as soon as he can. It's very important, Dennis.

22. EXT. MAZE. HAMPTON COURT. DAY

CALLAN FLICKS THROUGH CATALOGUE. FINDS WRITTEN MESSAGE. "BATTERSEA ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND NOW". LOOKS AT IT AGAIN. THEN GOES.

23. EXT. HAMPTON COURT DAY. FILM

MANNIX WATCHING. CALLAN COMES OUT OF MAIN ENTRANCE. WALKS TO PARKED VAN. DRIVES OFF MANNIX FOLLOWS.

24. EXT. ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND. DAY

A WOODED PART OF A PARK. THERE ARE PLATFORMS FROM WHICH TO SWING ON "TARZAN" ROPES, TREE-HOUSES, AND A GALLEON MADE OUT OF OLD DOORS,

WITH A POOP DECK AND ROPE AND RIGGING. THE PLACE IS VERY STILL UNDER THE TREES, DESERTED. CALLAN WALKS THROUGH, LOOKING AT THE CONSTRUCTIONS, TENSE, WATCHFUL.

ANOTHER ANGLE AS MANNIX, SMILING, MOVES FROM BEHIND TREE.

MANNIX: Callan, isn't it?

CLOSE ON CALLAN. HE FROWNS. PULLS OUT GUN.

CALLAN: No names have been mentioned.

MANNIX: No, but you look just like your picture.

CALLAN: How did you come by that?

MANNIX: Hunter obliged. He's in rather a spot. So are we, while you've got those files.

CALLAN: CIA?

MANNIX: Q.E.D.

CUT TO A "TARZAN" PLATFORM AS WATT LETS GO OF ONE OF THE ROPES, ON THE END OF WHICH IS A MOTOR TYRE. IT SWINGS OUT SILENTLY AND HITS CALLAN'S ARM, KNOCKING THE GUN FROM HIS HAND. IN A FLASH MANNIX STEPS ON IT, COVERS CALLAN WITH HIS OWN GUN. WATT JUMPS DOWN FROM THE PLATFORM AND COMES OVER TO JOIN THEM

MANNIX APPEARS TO BE CONFUSED.

WATT: All right, sir. Thank you.

WATT MOVES IN, WITH HIS OWN GUN.

NIXON: (V/O) Leave him to us, sir.

NIXON THEN STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE TREES. HE AND WATT COULD BE SPECIAL BRANCH MEN BY THEIR RATHER TYPICAL YET NON-DESCRIPT DRESS.

NIXON: We can handle him, now. Thank you.

MANNIX: (STILL WITH HIS GUN) Who are you?

NIXON: (BRINGING OUT AN OFFICIAL CARD) Special branch, sir. Put that gun away, please. It doesn't do to have too many brandishing about all over the place.

MANNIX: (PUTS HIS GUN UP) I didn't think you boys were anywhere.

NIXON: You'd be surprised. Now, if you don't mind, sir. I think we'd like Callan to ourselves for a while.

MANNIX: I want to see this through.

NIXON: Sorry sir. I can't allow you to stay with him.

MANNIX: I shall want to see him later.

NIXON: I dare say that could be arranged, sir. If you get the appropriate permission.

NIXON AND WATT TAKE CALLAN AND TURN AWAY.

MANNIX GLARES AFTER THEM

NIXON: ~~This way~~ Get in, Callan.

WATT PICKS UP CALLAN'S GUN, AND THEY START TO WALK DOWNHILL, PASSING THE WOODEN GALLEON. AS THEY COME ROUND THE SIDE OF IT, NIXON STEPS AHEAD OF CALLAN, HALTING HIM.

CALLAN: Where to now? Another ancient monument.

NIXON: No. From now on it gets serious.

AT THAT MOMENT WATT BRINGS HIS GUN DOWN ON CALLAN FROM BEHIND, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

END OF PART ONE

14'00

FADE IN:

PART TWO

25. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

CALLAN'S OVERCOAT AND JACKET HAVE BEEN REMOVED. HE IS LYING ON THE BED, STILL UNCONSCIOUS. HANNAH IS BATHING A CUT ON HIS HEAD. THE CURTAINS ARE TIGHTLY DRAWN, AND THE FURNISHING OF THE ROOM SUGGESTS A FAIRLY AVERAGE HOTEL. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. HANNAH UNLOCKS IT TO ADMIT NIXON. WITHOUT HIS MACKINTOSH AND TRILBY HE LOOKS A LOT LESS IMPOSING. HE WEARS A CORDUROY JACKET AND SMOKES A PIPE. CROSSING TO THE BED HE LOOKS AT CALLAN.

NIXON: Can't you bring him round a bit quicker?

HANNAH: Blame Watt.

NIXON: He's a trifle uncouth. What else can one expect of an ex-policeman?

HANNAH RESUMES BATHING CALLAN'S CUT.

HANNAH: He didn't need to hit him quite so hard.

NIXON: Better to be safe.

HANNAH: Peter used to talk about Callan, quite a lot.

CALLAN STIRS, OPENS HIS EYES. HE TRIES TO RAISE HIS HEAD, WINCES WITH PAIN.

HANNAH: Hello.

CALLAN: You!

HANNAH: You've met Mr. Nixon, I belive.

NIXON: You already owe us a fee for rescuing you from that oppressive American.

CALLAN FEELS THE CUT ON HIS HEAD.

CALLAN: Nice work.

HANNAH PROPS A PILLOW BEHIND HIS HEAD, HANDS HIM A DRINK.

HANAH: Drink?

HE ACCEPTS GRATEFULLY. AS HE DRINKS HE EYES BOTH HER AND NIXON, WHO PICKS UP CALLAN'S GUN FROM A DRESSING TABLE.

CALLAN: Where am I?

HANNAH: An hotel room.

NIXON: It has to be that way - until we know you're serious about wanting to get out of the country.

CALLAN: And if I'm not?

NIXON: We'll kill you.

CALLAN: I'm serious.

NIXON: So are we!

CALLAN SURVEYS THE ROOM

CALLAN: Thirty-five and six, bed and breakfast. Fifty rooms, and at a guess I'd say in Victoria.

HANNAH: (SMILES) Very good.

NIXON: Of course, you're a trained agent. (SITS DOWN ON BED) That's what we'd like to talk about. What made you decide to turn traitor?

CALLAN: Does it matter? I decided to quit, that's all.

HANNAH: With a very rich prize, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Nt bad, is it?

HANNAH: And you knew where to come.

CALLAN: Of course I did love. I'm not in the business for nothing.

NIXON: And you still would be. Working for Hunter.

CALLAN: Mate, if he knew where I was he'd have had me and you lot in the park.

NIXON: The American knew.

CALLAN: Yes. He's smart isn't he? Look. You arrange my escape. I take it you can?

NIXON: If the money's right.

CALLAN: How much?

NIXON: Five thousand. In advance.

CALLAN: I'll get it.

NIXON: Where?

CALLAN: My business.

NIXON: If you'd dealt with one of the Red embassies in London, they might have smuggled you out themselves.

CALLAN: I've a free-lance mentality. And once I'm abroad, I'll be looking for the highest bidder.

NIXON: Where are you hiding out at the moment?

CALLAN: That's also my business.

HANNAH: Not if we had to contact you - when everything's arranged.

CALLAN: I'll ring you. Kingsland Hotel, isn't it?

THEY BOTH REACT. CALLAN TURNS THE GLASS IN HIS HAND TO SHOW THE HOTEL NAME ON IT.

CALLAN: That ought to save me another bop on the head when I leave. (BEAT) How long will it take?

NIXON AND HANNAH EXCHANGE A LOOK.

HANNAH: Two days. We have to check on you.

CALLAN GETS OFF THE BED, A LITTLE GROGGY. HE PUTS ON HIS JACKET AS HE TALKS.

CALLAN: Okay. I'll see about the money. Who do I ask for when I call? -

HANNAH: The Ajax Travel Service. There's a bureau in this hotel.

NIXON: Ask for me. And Callan. We'll kill you, if it turns sour.

CALLAN PUTS OUT A HAND FOR HIS GUN.

CALLAN: Mind if I have that back?

NIXON HESITATES. THEN GIVES THE GUN TO CALLAN.

CALLAN: Incidentally.

NIXON: Yes?

CALLAN: I'll give the five thousand to Theseus.

NIXON: You'll give it to me.

CALLAN: Sorry mate. No Theseus. No money.

NIXON: You're hardly in a bargaining position.

CALLAN: No? I know you. I know this place. I know the Ajax Travel Service. If I wanted to, I could blow the lot of you, and I don't deal with office boys.

PAUSE.

HANNAH: We'll see.

CALLAN: Good girl.

HE GOES.

26. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. EVENING.

LONELY IS WATCHING TELEVISION. PHONE RINGS. HE GETS UP, TURNS SOUND DOWN. PICKS UP PHONE.

LONELY: Yes!....Mr. Callan! Where've you been, Mr. Callan?....No. I just wanted to tell you, that friend of yours, the smarmy one...yes. Well, he's been here with some Americah. They wanted to know where you was, Mr. Callan....Of course I didn't. I said Hampton Court that's all. I never said nothin' about the Bookshop....No. 'onest, Mr. Callan....Ring who?.....'ang on. (HE WRITES DOWN PHONE NO.) Yes...To go and see you as soon as he can. Yes... I'll tell 'im.....I'm sorry, Mr. Callan.

27. INT. BACK ROOM AT BOOKSHOP. EVENING.

CALLAN IS POURING DRINK INTO TWO GLASSES.

CALLAN: As far as I can work out, it's a fairly small operation. But they're careful and they're well organized. The base seems to be something called The Ajax Travel Service. It's in a hotel in Victoria. The Kingsland. They're going to send me out in two days time.

HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE GLASSES AND TAKES IT TO-PULL BACK TO FIND -

HUNTER

HUNTER: Good. The plan would seem to be working.

CALLAN: So far, Hunter. So far.

HUNTER: And what about Theseus?

CALLAN: I've no idea.

HUNTER: Nobody's mentioned Strickland?

CALLAN: No.

HUNTER: What I don't understand is, why they've let you out of their sight.

CALLAN: Money, sir. They want five thousand.

HUNTER: Five thousand? That's rather a lot, Callan.

CALLAN: Listen, Hunter. You got me into this. Don't start getting nervous about opening your piggy bank. And another thing, what's this about Meres?

HUNTER: What about him?

CALLAN: He's going round with that American, looking for me.

HUNTER: So?

CALLAN: Is he in on the game?

HUNTER: No. He's out to kill you at the moment.

CALLAN: Well, get him off my back, will you? I've got enough to cope with, without having to watch for Toby. He's too bloody good!

HUNTER: I can't call him off, Callan. Nobody must know about this except the two of us.

CALLAN: God help me, mate, if anything happens to you, then.

HUNTER: No self-pity, Callan. It doesn't become you.

CALLAN: I like calculated risks. Not suicide.

HUNTER: You realise that my position is just as precarious. This is a very unorthodox game we're playing.

CALLAN: I've never thought of it as a 'game' exactly. I take my work seriously.

HUNTER: If you fail, I fail and we're both finished.

CALLAN: I don't perform miracles, Hunter.

HUNTER: I've every confidence.

CALLAN: Thank you.

HUNTER: Callan. The object of this particular exercise is to break the pipeline. If necessary you are expendable. I want Theseus and I want him soon. Now. How near to him are you?

CALLAN: I'm going back to the hotel. I've told them I'll only deliver the money to him. I hope he'll be there.

HUNTER: Good. I might even drop in myself. In case there's any explaining to do.

29. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE DAY.

HUNTER AND MANNIX

MANNIX Mr. Hunter. Could I have just a little co-operation, I want toknow what the hell goes on?

HUNTER: I've told you before, Mannix. I will not be grilled by the CIA. Not in my own territory.

MANNIX: I've been waiting to hear what's happened to Callan.

HUNTER: I'm sure you have.

MANNIX: And those damned files.

HUNTER: As soon as something comes up....

MANNIX: What do you mean, as soon as something comes up? You've got him, haven't you?

HUNTER: Not just at the moment.

MANNIX: Oh, come on, Hunter. Has he got away again?

HUNTER: Again?

MANNIX: You picked him up yesterday. I should have brought him him/in myself but your heavies insisted on doing it their way. Haven't they handed him over yet?

HUNTER: Handed him over? Far from it, Mannix. We're still serarching. Half the country's on the look out.

MANNIX IS FURIOUS.

MANNIX: What!

HUNTER: Sounds to me as though you've slipped up.

MANNIX: What do you mean, slipped up? I had him, in the palm of my hand. Followed him from the ~~British Museum~~ Hampton Court to the park. Though what the hell he was doing there, come to think of it...

HUNTER: Meeting his friends, obviously. You were fooled, my friend. The oldest trick in the book. Nobody on our side's got anywhere near him. You shouldn't have separated from Meres.

MANNIX: Hell!

HUNTER:
HUNTER LOOKS AT MANNIX CAREFULLY.

HUNTER: Listen, Mannix, look, have a drink. (THEY MOVE INTO THE OTHER OFFICE) Sometime ago a Russian agent was spirited out of a top security prism here, through a pipeline run by someone called Theseus. We happen to know that Theseus is still in business.

MANNIX: And?

HUNTER: That's what Callan's up to. When he's got to the source he'll turn up again, with the files. He's clear, Mannix. I don't want you to go killing him, unnecessarily.

MANNIX: Well thank God for that. That's pretty smart, Hunter.

HUNTER: I hope so.

MANNIX: He's a risk, though. You could lose Callan. Or is he being protected?

HUNTER: You're the only person who knows. But Callan's used to risk. He's a good man.

MANNIX: He'll have to be.

PAUSE.

MANNIX GRINS.

Well, that's great. I can't tell Washington yet, I suppose?

HUNTER: I'd rather you didn't.

MANNIX STILL GRINNING.

MANNIX: No. Sure.

HE GETS UP AND WANDERS ROUND THE ROOM, APPARENTLY DELIGHTED.

Any ideas on this Theseus feller?

HUNTER: Very small. Probably nothing. An agent of ours who has some reason for feeling bitter, called himself Theseus. He lives in Cyprus now. If he's still alive.

HUNTER: (CONT/D) But I can't really think he's at the head of it. He got very badly shot up on his last assignment. I wouldn't think he's much good to anyone.

MANNIX: You think it's someone nearer home, eh?

HUNTER: Probably much nearer.

MANNIX: Oh great. That's great news Hunter. Great!

29. INT, BOOKSHOP. DAY.

MILLETT IS SITTING AT COUNTER, READING. CALLAN ENTERS FROM STREET, MILLETT LEANS DOWN AND RETRIEVES PAPER PARCEL.

MILLETT: This came for you.

HANDS OVER PARCEL WHICH CALLEN TAKES.

CALLAN: Thanks.

MILLETT: Express messenger!

CALLAN NODS.

MILLETT: By the way, the rent's going up.

CALLAN: You'll be lucky, mate.

MILLETT: I hope so.

CALLAN: You got your money.

MILLETT: (PRODUCING PAPER WITH HEADLINES) You know, I didn't realise till afterwards that was only the deposit.

CALLAN: It's all you'll get.

HE GOES INTO INNER ROOM.

30. AJAX TRAVEL SERVICE OFFICE. DAY.

THE OFFICE IS IN A CORNER OF THE KINGSLAND HOTEL FOYER NIXON ON PHONE. WATT WITH HIM.

NIXON: Hannah?....Theseus wants a meeting!....Now....He didn't say....just that it's urgent....An hour...Good.

31. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES. MERES STANDING. HUNTER TALKING TO INTERCOM.

HUNTER: Book me a single room at the Kingsland Hotel, Victoria, will you? Tonight and tomorrow. (TO MERES) Sit down, Meres.

MERES: (SITTING) Thank you, sir.

HUNTER: I had an angry Mannix in here, earlier today.

MERES: I'm not surprised, sir.

HUNTER: He's, to use to his own term, rather 'smart', Meres.

MERES: One would think so, sir. Listening to him.

HUNTER: I would like you to stay close.

MERES: Sir?

HUNTER: Not in his pocket but close enough to know what's going on. And he likes doing things his own way. He may have a line on Callan.

MERES: Isn't that what we want, sir?

HUNTER: It'is indeed, Meres. But we don't want theCIA to run off with all the credit, do we? So if Mannix looks like moving in to get Callan and the pipeline, I'd like you to stand in the way.

MERES And kill Callan, sir?

HUNTER: No Meres. I'd rather get him back alive. Thank you.

MERES: All right sir. Do you happen to know where Mannix is now, sir?

HUNTER: No. I would hope he's on his way back to Washington. But I think it's unlikely.

32. INT. AJAX OFFICE. DAY

HOLIDAY POSTERS AROUND THE WALLS. 'EDUCATIONAL TOURS OF GREECE' ETC.

NIXON AND WATT SIT WAITING. NIXON SMOKES. HANNAH ENTERS. PUTS BAG ON TABLE.

HANNAH: What's it all about then?

NIXON: No idea.

WATT: He probably wants to put it off a day.

HANNAH: I hope not. I can't persuade another customer to change his tour. Where is Theseus, anyway?

NIXON: He'll be here soon.

HANNAH: (TO WATT) Did you get the passport?

WATT PRODUCES AN ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET AND REMOVES A PASSPORT WHICH HE GIVES TO HANNAH.

WATT: Here.

HANNAH: Thanks.

MANNIX ENTERS. THEY LOOK AT HIM. HE SITS.

MANNIX: Callan's a fake.

NIXON: Hell.

WATT: You sure?

MANNIX: Of course I'm damn sure. The whole thing's a set-up to break us.

NIXON: So/what? now

HANNAH: Are you absolutely certain?

MANNIX: Believe me, Hannah, it's true.

HANNAH: I should've known better.

NIXON: How could you?

HANNAH: Peter used to talk about him. He said he was a cunning bastard.

MANNIX: That doesn't help us, Hannah. We're all at fault. He got it too easily.

WATT: He'll blow the lot.

MANNIX: Oh no. Not yet. Not until he's met me.

HANNAH: He thinks Peter is Theseus.

MANNIX: It'll be a nice surprise for him, then, won't it?

NIXON: You're not going to meet him, are you?

MANNIX: Yes.

WATT: For god's sake, why? Five thousand? You're an idiot.

MANNIX: It's got nothing to do with money. You know that perfectly well. It's the pipeline that matters. It's far too useful. Agents who really do want to come over are valuable. Not in terms of money, Watt. This is ideological not mercenary. If you have other ideas, then get out.

WATT: Look, Mannix. You can stuff your ideals. I'm in this for money.

MANNIX: So long as you're in it at all, you're in it on my terms. And at the moment all that matters is protecting the pipeline.

WATT: Not much point now, if they know it exists.

MANNIX: There's every point. In any case, I also want those files he stole. They'd be very useful to me.

NIXON: You could have got them, anyway.

MANNIX: Not this easily. And not with someone else getting the blame. It's perfect.

HANNAH: But you can't meet him here, it would be suicide.

MANNIX: That's a risk we'll have to take. But I gather he's very much on his own and he can't contact his boss, not without giving the game away.

WATT: I still say you're mad.

MANNIX: I don't think so. Anyway, he thinks I'm CIA.

NIXON: Which you are.

MANNIX: Which I am. Exactly. He also knows I'm after him.

WATT: So?

MANNIX: If you deal with him upstairs in the normal way, I can break in - as a CIA man. Take the papers photograph them and return them to Hunter. And it'll all look quite above board.

HANNAH: It's too risky.

MANNIX: Not if Callan gets 'accidentally' killed.

END OF ACT TWO

PART THREE

33. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

HANNAH WITH CALLAN. CALLAN HAS A SUITCASE ON THE BED.

HANNAH: You'll be going out tonight, Mr. Callan. If you've got the fare.

CALLAN: Good.

HANNAH: Have you?

CALLAN: What?

HANNAH: The money.

CALLAN: I'll give it to Peter.

HANNAH: Peter? Why Peter?

CALLAN: All right, Theseus then.

HANNAH: Peter is not Theseus, you know.

CALLAN: Isn't he?

HANNAH: I told you, Peter left me. Some time ago.

CALLAN: If it's not him then, who is it?

HANNAH: Do you expect me to tell you?

CALLAN: Is it you?

HANNAH: (SMILES) It was, for a while. But I couldn't cope. I was too bitter, I suppose. I was after revenge all the time. And that's the wrong reason for doing anything.

CALLAN: Revenge? For what?

HANNAH: Peter.

CALLAN: Is he still crippled?

HANNAH: He's dead.

PAUSE

CALLAN: I'm sorry love. I didn't know.

HANNAH: Why should you? Your department didn't care what happened to him. They got good service out of him. And they gave him a pension. ~~Eighty~~ pounds a year. What more could he want? A new spine?

CALLAN: I never knew the details.

HANNAH: You could have asked You were friends. He often talked about you.

CALLAN: Yeh!

HANNAH: You know, when I married him he was young and goodlooking. We were in Berlin. I was at a Students' Conference. He told me he was a paint salesman. He could have been a lay-about for all I cared. I loved him. Deeply. He was like you, then. Brave. Blind a bit. He used to ~~go back and forth over the wall~~ ferry two or three times a month.

HANNAH: (Contd) That's how I found out about him. He began to disintegrate. It was his nerves at first. Then it became more obviously physical - an ulcer, headaches, a gradual slowing down.

CALLAN: (CALLAN DOESN'T LIKE THIS SORT OF CONVERSATION. HE WANTS TO BRUSH IT OFF, QUICKLY) It can happen to anyone.

HANNAH: Do you know? He was silver-haired at forty.

CALLAN: It's a shabby world.

HANNAH: Do you know anyone shabbier than Hunter?

CALLAN: He does hos job.

HANNAH: He sent us a fiver towards a wheelchair. (CALLAN IS EMBARRASSED. THIS IS THE KIND OF SITUATION HE DOESN'T HANDLE WELL) I'm sorry, Callan. It's not your fault. But you see why I felt bitter? I hate your department and all it stands for.

CALLAN: Yeh! I see.

SHE SMILES. THEN GOES TO HER HANDBAG.

HANNAH: I must give you this.

HE LOOKS AT HER QUESTIONINGLY.

FROM HER HANDBAG SHE WITHDRAWS A PASSPORT

HANNAH: Your passport.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE PASSPORT AS CALLAN OPENS IT. THE NAME INSIDE SAYS 'GEORGE SELWYN' BUT THERE IS A BLANK WHERE THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOULD BE.

AS CALLAN LOOKS UP FROM THE PASSPORT, HANNAH IS OPENING A DRAWER. SHE BRINGS OUT A CAMERA.

HANNAH: Stand over by the window.

CALLAN DOES SO, AND SHE TAKES HIS PICTURE.

CALLAN: Very effecient. What happened to George Selwyn of Leeds?

HANNAH: He's joining an Ajax Tour of Greece. Charter flight. The coach leaves at eleven-thirty. Mr. Selwyn exists. He's actually staying in this hotel. But he's been persuaded to have a holiday in London, plus £500 paid into his bank.

CALLAN: And I take his place?

HANNAH: No one's exactly on their mettle at two in the morning at Gatwick, with a party of tourists. You shouldn't have any trouble getting through. (THE PHONE BY THE BEDSIDE RINGS. HANNAH GOES TO IT. PICKS IT UP. LOOKS SUDDENLY AT CALLAN. PUTS PHONE DOWN AGAIN) I must go out a moment.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR

CALLAN: Don't be long, love. I get lonely.

SHE GOES.
LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.
CALLAN FROWNS.

34. INT. AJAX OFFICE IN FOYER. NIGHT.

MANNIX, NIXON, WATT.

MANNIX SEES MERES CROSS HOTEL FOYER.
MERES CANNOT SEE HIM.

Blast that guy.

WATT AND NIXON TURN TO LOOK.

He's like a damned limpet.

NIXON: Who is he?

MANNIX: One of Hunter's mob,

WATT: Kill him too?

MANNIX: No. He's here to stop me taking the law into my own hands. So he thinks.

HANNAH WALKS IN

MANNIX: Look. I'll deal with him (TO HANNAH) Stay here Hannah. Keep things going. We don't want to arouse suspicions.

HE GOES TOWARDS DOOR. TURNS TO NIXON AND WATT.

MANNIX: Get up to his room, will you. I'll take the fire escape. Behave as if everything's fine. I'll get up as soon as I can.

35. INT. HOTEL FOYER. NIGHT

MERES AT RECEPTION DESK.

RECEPTIONIST: Can I help, sir?

MERES: Yes. Is there a Mr. Hunter staying in the hotel?

RECEPTIONIST CONSULTS BOOK

RECEPTIONIST: Yes sir. Room 104. Shall I put you through? (PUTTING HAND ON TELEPHONE)

MANNIX APPROACHES FROM BEHIND, THOUGH HE HAS NOT BEEN NEAR ENOUGH TO HAVE HEARD THE PREVIOUS CONVERSATION.

MANNIX: Meres! (MERES TURNS) I'm glad you've turned up. (MOVES IN CLOSE) Callan's been here. We've just missed him. I think we'd best get back to Hunter and let him know. (MERES LOOKS AS IF HE'S ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT STOPS) I'll just go to the john. See you in a minute. (MANNIX GOES. MERES WATCHES HIM THEN GOES TO PHONE BOOTH)

36. INT. HOTEL FOYER. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT.

MERES PICKS UP PHONE

MERES:. . ...Room 104, please.....
Meres here, sir. .....I heard you make
the booking yesterday.....Yes, sir.....
I've just seen Mannix....Here in the foyer....
he told me Callan's been in the hotel....No
sir....He's just gone to the john sir.. ..
the john....Yes sir....Well, then we're
supposed to be coming to see you at the
office.....Down here, sir? All right.
I'll wait.

HE PUTS PHONE DOWN AND LEAVES BOOTH.

37. INT. CALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

CALLAN ALONE. NERVOUS. THE LOCK CLICKS AS
WATT AND NIXON ENTER.

NIXON: Sorry about the wait, Mr. Callan. Won't
be long now.

CALLAN: Good.

NIXON SITS BY THE DOOR. WATT GOES TO THE
WINDOW. HE OPENS IT. THEN CLOSES THE CURTAINS
HE SITS ON EDGE OF BED. NIXON SMOKES.

WATT: Hot in here!

38. INT. HOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.

AS MERES LEAVES THE PHONE BOOTH HE SEES HANNAH STRICKLAND EMERGE FROM THE AJAX OFFICE AND QUICKLY BUT QUIETLY WALK OUT OF THE HOTEL.

39. INT. CALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN. NIXON. WATT.

TENSE ATMOSPHERE. NO ONE SPEAKS. NIXON SMOKES. WATT GRINS AT CALLAN.

40. INT. HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT.

HUNTER COMES OUT OF LIFT, TO MERES.

HUNTER: Where's Mannix?

MERES: He hasn't appeared, sir.

HUNTER: Damn.

MERES: Odd thing is sir.

HUNTER: Yes?

MERES: When I first saw him he was coming out of that office.

THEY BOTH LOOK TOWARDS AJAX TRAVEL.

HUNTER AND MERES GO TO AJAX AND TRY TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

41. INT. CALLAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN, WATT AND NIXON.

WATT: Do you have a gun by the way, Mr. Callan? (CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM) It's just that it'd look suspicious if you were stopped at all.

CALLAN: I'll take care of that, mate.

WATT GRINS.

PAUSE.

NIXON GETS UP AND MOVES TO CALLAN.

NIXON: Nevertheless, I think we'd better have it.

AS WATT MOVES IN, TOO, CALLAN MOVES TO GET GUN FROM SHOULDER HOLSTER AS MANNIX BURSTS IN THROUGH WINDOW.

MANNIX: All right, Callan.

THEY ALL LOOK TO SEE MANNIX.

42. INT. HOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.

HUNTER AND MERES AT RECEPTION DESK.

HUNTER: I'm trying to locate the Travel Agency people.

RECEPTIONIST: Isn't there anyone there, sir?

MERES: I saw a woman go out a little while ago.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, that would be Mrs. Strickland.

MERES AND HUNTER LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

RECEPTIONIST: (CONT) But there's usually two or three of them there, all the time.

HUNTER: It's rather urgent. You've no idea where else they might be? Have they another office or anything?

RECEPTIONIST: I really couldn't say, sir. But there is a room on the fourth floor they use. 419. (SHE PUTS HAND ON PHONE) Shall I try them for you?

HUNTER: No, thank you. Please don't bother. I'll try later.

RECEPTIONIST: Yes sir. Thank you.

HUNTER AND MERES MOVE AWAY.

HUNTER: Get on to Speacial Branch, will you, Meres? Tell them to get a dozen men here. Now. Surround the building. Then come up to 419.

43. INT. CALLAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

NIXON AND WATT STAND BY THE DOOR. CALLAN IS STILL ON THE BED. THEY ARE ALL COVERED BY MANNIX WHO NOW HAS CALLAN'S GUN AS WELL. HE LOOKS AT IT THEN THROWS IT DOWN, OUT OF REACH, ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE.

MANNIX: Nice weapon, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: (V/O) Oh mate. You would turn up now, wouldn't you!

MANNIX: This time there'll be no mistake. I'm taking you in.

CALLAN: But I'm going on holiday.

MANNIX: Where are the papers?

CALLAN: Papers?

MANNIX: The files you stole.

NIXON RELAXES. MOVES FORWARD A LITTLE. MANNIX THREATENS HIM. HE STOPS.

CALLAN: (V/O) Come on. Come on. Don't just stand there, mate. Do something.

MANNIX: Where are they, Callan?

CALLAN: Oh brother. Look mate. It's not me you want. It's this lot. (HE LOOKS AT NIXON AND WATT)

MANNIX: Not according to the newspapers, Callan.

CALLAN: (V/O) (LOOKING AT NIXON) Why the hell doesn't he make a move? (TO MANNIX) You know, you've wrecked everything. I was just about to blow this whole pipeline. Along comes bloody Uncle Sam. Talk about liason.

MANNIX: I'm sure Mr. Hunter would be very amused.

CALLAN: He sent me.

MANNIX: We'll see what he says about that. Now. The papers?

CALLAN: (V/O) How thick can you get?

MANNIX: I don't want to kill you for them, Callan.

CALLAN: (V/O) He would, too, by the look of him. (TO MANNIX) Listen. Hunter sent me on this job. I'm practically there, or I was. There's a bloke called Theseus to meet me here. At least wait for him.

MANNIX: He's here.

CALLAN: What do you mean?

MANNIX: You've got your man, Callan. I'm Theseus.

CALLAN LOOKS AT NIXON. MOVES FOR HIS GUN.

MANNIX: (CONT) I wouldn't,if I were you.

CALLAN FREEZES.

CALLAN: (V/O) You double-crossing swine. Oh, Hunter. We've boobed this time, mate.

THE DOOR KNOB MOVES. MANNIX WATCHES IT. GRABS CALLAN AND MAKES FOR WINDOW. SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHOT OUTSIDE AS MERES SHOOTS OFF LOCK. HUNTER AND MERES BURST INTO ROOM.

CALLAN PUSHED THROUGH WINDOW BY MANNIX. NIXON TRYING TO COVER THEM. WATT DIVING FOR CALLAN'S GUN ON THE TABLE. HUNTER AND MERES RUSH IN. MERES WINGS WATT.

MERES LOOKS, BEWILDERED, AT HUNTER.

HUNTER: Right, Meres. Get them downstairs.

MERES LOOKS TOWARDS WINDOW.

MERES: But, sir.....

HUNTER: If you know how to prey, Meres, get on with it. Callan needs all the help he can get.

MERES LOOKS AGAIN TOWARDS THE WINDOW. THEN COLLECTS NIXON AND WATT.

45. EXT. FIRE-ESCAPE OUTSIDE HOTEL. NIGHT.

MANNIX WITH A GUN IN CALLAN'S BACK, LOOKS DOWN TO SEE CARS PULLING UP. HE FORCES CALLAN TO TURN AND GO UP THE LADDER ON TO THE FLAT ROOF.

46. EXT. FOOT OF BUILDING. NIGHT.

HUNTER, MERES AND SPECIAL BRANCH MAN. THEY ARE LOOKING UP TOWARDS ROOF. CALLAN AND MANNIX JUST VISIBLE.

HUNTER: It was a set-up, Meres. Callan had to appear guilty otherwise they'd never have taken him.

MERES: I might have killed him, sir.

HUNTER: You might have.

47. EXT. HOTEL ROOF. NIGHT.

MANNIX AND CALLAN.

CALLAN: There's no point.

MANNIX: I'm not through yet, Callan.

CALLAN: They've only got to sit and wait.

MANNIX LOOKS DOWN.

MANNIX: Not for long.

CALLAN: Let's go now.

MANNIX: Oh no. We've got to do some bargaining, first.

CALLAN: Bargaining? What've you got to bargain, mate? You haven't got the files and they're probably fake anyway.

MANNIX: Not the files, Callan. You.

CALLAN: Me?

MANNIX: You must be more valuable alive than dead, Callan. Aren't you?

48. EXT. ROAD BELOW HOTEL. NIGHT.

HUNTER AND MERES.

MERES: Shall I go after them sir? Up the fire-escape?

HUNTER: Not yet, Meres. We'll give him a little time.

MERES: But he hasn't a gun, sir. Has he?

HUNTER: I don't mean Callan.

MERES LOOKS AT HUNTER AND FROWNS.

HUNTER: (CONT) Mannix is no fool, Meres. He's got himself into a spot but he won't panic. Not yet. Callan's quite safe.

49. INT. HOTEL ROOF. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND MANNIX.

CALLAN: Is it just money, mate?

MANNIX: No, But it helps.

CALLAN: And there's always serial rights in the Sunday papers, when you're through.

MANNIX: That's right.

CALLAN: You make me sick. The whole bloody thing does. Who cares?

MANNIX LOOKS QUIZZICALLY AT HIM.

CALLAN: (CONT) 'Life as a Double Agent by.....' what's your name?

MANNIX: Mannix.

CALLAN: Week after week there's some damn story by a twit like you. As if it matters. And they fall for it, don't they? The whole glamour bit.

MANNIX: How different are you, Callan?

CALLAN: Not very. Except I'm not prepared to push it. My life's worth more than that. I'd never get in your mess, that's for sure.

MANNIX: You're the other side of it now.

CALLAN: Oh no, Mannix. No I'm not mate because I don't like it. I'm on whichever side has me. Whichever side pays.

AGAIN MANNIX LOOKS HARD AT CALLAN.

CALLAN: (CONT) If they were your friends down there, not mine, I'd be full of smiles for them, mate. Open arms. (HE SHOUTS DOWN) Anything I can do for you, comrade? Only too happy.

50. EXT ROAD. BELOW HOTEL. NIGHT.

HUNTER AND MERES LOOKING UP.

51. EXT. HOTEL ROOF. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND MANNIX.

MANNIX: Shut up, Callan.

CALLAN IGNORES MANNIX, LEANS FORWARD AGAIN AND LOOKS DOWN. HE SHOUTS.

CALLAN: Why don't you come on up, Hunter? We can get you as well.

MANNIX: I said, shut it.

CALLAN: Let's have a shake up all round.

MANNIX GRABS CALLAN. PULLS HIM BACK AND SHOVES HIS GUN IN HIS GUTS.

MANNIX: You're a pretty crumby bunch, aren't you?

HUNTER: (V/O) (FROM BELOW) Mannix!

MANNIX TURNS TO LOOK DOWN. CALLAN KICKS HIS GUN FROM HIM. IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR. MANNIX SCRAMBLES FOR IT. HE AND CALLAN FIGHT.

52. EXT. HOTEL FIRE-ESCAPE. NIGHT.

MERES CLIMBING.

53. EXT HOTEL ROOF. NIGHT.

CALLAN KICKS MANNIX AWAY BUT HE FALLS NEAR HIS GUN. CALLAN MAKES FOR FIRE-ESCAPE. MANNIX TAKES POT SHOT AT HIM. CALLAN GETS BEHIND SKY-LIGHT.

54. EXT. HOTEL FIRE-ESCAPE. NIGHT.

MERES AT TOP. AS HE EMERGES MANNIX SEES HIM. HE DUCKS. BUT NOT BEFORE HE HAS LOCATED CALLAN.

PAUSE.

MANNIX MOVES TOWARDS CALLAN'S SKY-LIGHT. MERES THROWS HIS GUN TO CALLAN. MERES THEN DISTRACTS MANNIX BY APPEARING AGAIN AND MAKING A NOISE. MANNIX TAKES AIM. MERES DODGES BACK. CALLAN SHOOTS AT MANNIX, WHO DROPS.

45. EXT ROAD OUTSIDE HOTEL. NIGHT.

SMALL CROWD. POLICE. AMBULANCE MOVING OFF. HUNTER AND CALLAN WATCH.

CALLAN: That was very nearly enbarrassing, Hunter.

HUNTER: Very nearly.

CALLAN: What happened to Hannah?

HUNTER: I think perhaps we won't enquire.

HE LOOKS AT CALLAN AND ALMOST SMILES.

HUNTER: (CONT) I'll have the five thousand in the morning, Callan. Goodnight.

HE WALKS AWAY. CALLAN LOOKS AFTER HIM.

CALLAN: (V/O) Less another fiver for that wreath we didn't send!

END.

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